Women cutworne in wedlock, and such vessels,
this woman has defide you.

Petru. It should seeme so

Country. and why?

Petru. Yes, can you tell?

Country for 13 causes.

Petru. Pray by your patience Mrs

Citte. forward Sister.

Petru. Doe you meane to treate of all this?

Citte. Who sall lett hir?

Petru. Doe you heare velvet hood, we come not now
to heare your doctrine.

Country for the first I take it
it doth deuide it selfe in 7 branches.

Petru. Marke ~~good~~ you good Maria,
have you gott a cathechiser here?

Tra. Good zeale

Sopho good 3 pilld predication will you peace,
and heare the cause we comme for.

Country Yes bobtailes
wee know the cause you came for, here's the cause
but neuer hope to carry her, neuer dreame
or flatter your opinions, with a thought
of base repentance in hir.

Citty Giue me sack,
by this, and next strong ale.

Country Sweare forward Sister,

Citte By all that's cordiall in this place weele bury
our bones, fames, tongues, our triumphs, and cuin all
that ~~yet~~ euer yet was chronicld of woman,
but this braue wench, this excellent despiser.

this bone

This bane of dull obedience, shall inherit
hir liberall will, and march of with condations
noble and worth hir selfe.

Country. She shall Tom tylers
and braue ones too, my hood shall make a hearse cloth
and I ly vnder it like Joane of Gaunt
ere I goe; leese my distaffe stuck vp by me
for the eternall trophee of my conquests.
and loud fame at my head, with too manie bottels
shall fill to all the world the glorious fall
of old Don Gillian.

Citty Yet a little further,
We haue taken armes in rescue of this Lady
most Iust and noble, if ye beat vs off
without conditions, and we ~~recant~~ recreant
vse vs as we deserue, and first degrade vs
of all our ancient chambering, next that
the Symbols of our secreeie, silke stockings
heigh of our heeles, our petticotes of armes
teare of our bodies, and our bodkins breake
ouer our Coward heads.

Country And euer after
to make the tainture most notorious
at all our creastes, videlicet our plackers,
lett lacis hang, and we returne againe
into our former titles, Dayrie maydes.

Petru. No more warres puissant Ladies, shew conditions
and freely I accept em.

Mari. Call her in Liuia
shee is in the treatie too.

Moro. How Liuia.

Enter Liuia aboue.

Mari: Heard you that Sir,